

ARE WOMEN STINGY?

A Lady Comments on Two Important Subjects.

Editor, Anderson Intelligencer:

The idle hours of an idle woman have led me to think that comment made occasionally on pointed subjects in The Intelligencer might find reading during the idle moments of another woman.

Comment, for instance: "Are women stingy?" Many women on considering that subject said, "No."

It has been said a woman can throw out through the window with a spoon more than a man can bring in through the door with a shovel.

Laughably, is she liberal?

A man says she needs but a glance at the dry goods window and her heart and pocket both leave her; and a young man says athletics taught him to run quickly from the confectioner's stand or ruin stared him in the appeal of her face. This is her liberal turn of mind.

She will pay her last dollar for the summer hat, the pretty gown, the neat shoes—because she is liberal. Churches, schools, operas, etc., would receive her largest attention.

A gentleman, in whom her best interests are centered, says: "Pauline, I believe I shall pay \$8.75 this year for my suit—it will do me very well." She cries her inward tears that come from her heart and exclaims: "Alonso! pay \$12.00, anyway; you don't look well in cheap things."

Of course, the trend of this liberality may be questioned, and even criticised, as falling heavily on the shoulders of the uncompromising hero; but, for instance, observe the point of criticism reversed: The self-supporting woman, whose instincts for self preservation should be large, and upon whom the duty of economy is impressed by loved and thoughtful ones. She earns and has no more care for the rainy day than a swallow has for a summer day; delights in it—gives her time for reflection on the glorious liberality with which she held the field when the bat was here—how she spent the dollars and enjoyed them.

She may fall a victim to the disposition of spoils, but she reflects that it is not good for man—any man—to be alone in the spending of his money, and she trusts the "not impossible she" may mark her for its own, when she may still continue in the wholesome enjoyment of life, liberality and pursuit of happiness.

Women live by abundance—love, life, money, air, and sometimes don't have enough of either; they love money because they live, grow and are beautiful by it, and the only woman whose soul dies for money is the woman whose soul has no money to live for.

She is "stingy," it is said, the bachelor, for instance—the old bachelor whom she refuses because she loves money and happiness; he says she is stingy in food on the table. This may be too true, a terrible revelation of the baseness of complaint who expects a 50-cent dinner and all appurtenances for 25 cents, or the accusation may be delivered from the centre of a fault-finding household. She sees the income of the family flood out through the big end of the horn, and she is trying to curtail at the little end.

COMMENT II.

Referring to President Roosevelt's opinion that married women should not work in the mills, a more humane reference might be directed to young girls employed in stores as sales-ladies.

Of course the President's intention was good—as showing alarm that the mothers of families were injuring their privileges as care-takers of their children. But there is a sad need of some one saying something in behalf of young ladies in stores—on their feet all day without rest, save as they shift one foot for the other for a moment's support of their bodies, or rest an elbow on the counter.

Legislative action should secure an occasional rest for the girls behind the counter, a chair would not be in the way, and a girl having rested off her body a moment will make a far better sales-lady than the one who is fagged by exhaustion. The employer's eye should be to the rest. A girl with the privilege of resting off her feet will not waste a customer's time.

True, the young girl behind the counter—unlike the woman behind the loom—does not toil with her hands, neither does she spin; but in addition to the constant weight of her body dragging its own support she does what the mill woman is saved from—she talks. Talk! the incessant parrot like discussion—the wills and wents, the longs and shorts, the all silk or all wool and so many yards wide and long, are tremendous ravages on a constitution not made of iron.

No novelty, like the one drop of water forever on the head of the French convict—it kills. The young lady knows she is not the beauty-spot on the situation, she is its mouth piece, and so spurs not herself to accomplish the end whereunto she is appointed—to talk and to sell.

It is sad on the customer who forces the life-fluid out of the finger tips, tongue tip, eyes and heart of the delicate, patient young person waiting on her—all, perhaps, for 10 cents, or nothing at all, and thoughtful purchasers will remember that this young lady behind the counter stands there all day patient, obliging, uncomplaining, measuring out with the threads of merchandise the years of her own life, which leave her frazzled and shop-worn before long.

R. R. L.

For What He is Worth.

A traveler in Tennessee, upon noticing a large number of people following a wagon, rode up to an old fellow, who sat on the fence, and asked the cause of such a large procession.

"W'y they air takin' Sam Bates out ter the graveyard."

"He must have been a very popular man."

"Wall, I should reckon he was."

"Held a high position, I suppose."

"Stood at the top."

"What was his business?"

"Chopped co'd wood fur a livin', I believe."

"What, do people in this section pay so much attention to wood-choppers?"

"Look yare, my friend, Sam was the handiest man with a fiddle there was in this neighborhood. He could jest natchally make a fiddle cluck like a hen. I don't know how it is whar you come f'om; but in this here community we don't pay no attention t' whut a man does fur er livin'; but we measure him fur whut he is wuth ter society."

"FOUND."

Odd Notice in Prominent Southern Paper of Interest to Anderson Residents.

One of the best known newspapers in the South is the "Guide," of Dunn, N. C. Its publisher, J. P. Pitman, sends us the following clipping with request to publish:

"Found,—by the editor of the Guide, a bottle of Hyomel, the wonderful treatment that cures catarrh without stomach dosing. We can speak in highest praise of its remarkable power to cure and relieve catarrh of the head and throat. This mention is made not as an advertisement, but in the interest of those who suffer the torture of that terrible disease, catarrh."

In sending the clipping, Mr. Pitman wrote the following letter:

"I enclose a little piece from my paper, issued today. You will see from this that I desire to push the selling of Hyomel as far as possible. I am using it in my own family, and find that it gives the desired relief, so that I take pleasure in spreading far and near the knowledge of this sure relief for catarrh."

Evans Pharmacy, in preparation for the catarrhal troubles of this season of the year, have ordered a large stock of Hyomel, and sell it under guarantee to refund the money if it does not relieve. The complete outfit costs but \$1, and extra bottles can be obtained for 50 cents. Ask them to show you the strong guarantee under which they sell it. This remarkable remedy mediates the air you breathe, soothing and healing the mucous membrane of the air passages, and making a complete cure of the worst cases of catarrh.

Handsome in as much as her the is.

A man can be in politics and be honest, but he can't stay in.

It is hard for most of us to believe that a rich man can be guilty of anything but meanness.

A woman may be afraid of a man, but it is better to be afraid of a man than to be afraid of a woman. A woman may be afraid of a man, but it is better to be afraid of a man than to be afraid of a woman.

"I Go to China to Die."

In San Francisco lived a lawyer, age, say 60—rich in money, rich in intellect—a business man with many interests. This lawyer resided in his bachelor apartments, with a Chinese servant named "Sam."

Sam and his master had been together for fifteen years. The servant knew the wants of his employer as though he were his other self; no orders were necessary. If there was to be company—one guest, or a hundred—Sam was told the number, that was all, and everything was provided. This servant was cook, valet, watchman, friend. No stray, unwished for visitor ever reached the master to rob him of his rest when at home.

If extra help was wanted, Sam secured it; he brought what was needed; and when the lawyer awakened in the morning it was to the singing of a tiny music box with a clock attachment, set for 7 o'clock. The bath was ready; a clean shirt was there on the dresser, with studs and buttons in place; collar and scarf were near; the suit of clothes desired, hung over a chair; the right pair of shoes, polished like a mirror, were at hand, and on the mantel was a half-blown rose, with the dew still upon it, for a buttonhole; down-stairs, the breakfast, hot and savory, awaited. When the good man was ready to go to his office, silent as a shadow stood Sam in the hallway, with overcoat, hat and cane in hand. If the weather was threatening an umbrella was substituted for the cane; the door was opened and the master departed. When he returned at night, or his approach the door swung wide.

Sam never took a vacation; he seemed not to either eat or sleep. He was always near when needed; he disappeared when he should. He knew nothing, and he knew everything. For weeks scarcely a word might pass between these two men; they understood each other so well.

The lawyer grew to have a great affection for his servant. He paid him a hundred dollars a month, and tried to devise other ways to show his gratitude, but Sam wanted nothing, not even thanks. All he desired was the privilege to serve. But one morning as Sam poured his master's coffee he said, quietly, without a shade of emotion on his yellow face: "Next week I leave you."

The lawyer smiled.

"Next week I leave you," repeated the Chinaman; "I hire for you better man."

The lawyer set down his cup of coffee—he looked at the white-robed servant—he felt the man was in earnest.

"So you are going to leave me. I do not pay you enough, eh? That Dr. Sanders who was here—he knows what a treasure you are. Don't be a fool, Sam; I'll make it a hundred and fifty a month—say no more."

"Next week I leave you—I go to China," said the servant, impassively.

"Oh, I see, you are going back for a wife—all right, bring her here—you will return in two months! I do not object, bring your wife here—there is work for two to keep this place in order—the place is lonely, anyway. I'll see the collector of the port myself and arrange your passage papers."

"I go to China next week—I need no papers—I never come back," said the man, with exasperating calmness and persistence.

"By God, you shall not go!" said the lawyer.

"By God, I will!" answered the Chinaman.

It was the first time in all their experience together that the servant had used such language, or such a tone toward his master.

The lawyer pushed his chair back, and, after an instant, said quietly: "Sam, you must forgive me, I spoke quickly—I do not own you—but tell me, what have I done—why do you leave me this way, you know I need you?"

"I will not tell you why I go—you laugh."

"No, I shall not laugh."

"You will."

"I say, I will not!"

"Very well; I go to China to die!"

"Nonsense, you can die here. Haven't I agreed to send your body back if you die before I do?"

"I die in four weeks, two days!"

"What?"

"My mother, he is in prison. He is 26 years old. He has wife and baby. In China, they expect any man of same family instead to die. I go to China, give my money to my brother—he live, I die!"

The next day a new Chinaman appeared as servant in the lawyer's household. It was a week this new servant knew everything, and nothing, just like Sam.

Sam disappeared, without saying good-bye. He went to China and was beheaded, four weeks and two days from the day he broke the news of his intent to go.

His brother was set free.

And the lawyer's household goes along about as usual, save when the master calls for "Sam," when he should say "Charlie." Then there comes a kind of clutch at his heart; but he says nothing. Fibre and Fabric.

Tarheels Fought.

The Gaffney Ledger says:

Particulars have reached Elizabeth City, N. C., of a bloody fight which occurred at Davis's store, in Providence Township, about seven miles from that city, Saturday night. The origin of the trouble, which was between the McPhersons and Jennings, seems to have been caused by the attention that was bestowed on one of the McPhersons and one of the Jennings boys by a young lady of the neighborhood.

Some time ago, as it is reported, John Pritchard, who is a member of the McPherson group, gave the young lady in the case a watch. She in turn loaned or gave it to young Grover Jennings. Pritchard saw Jennings with the watch and it was decided that all should meet one night last week and settle the matter. The meeting was postponed until Saturday night, when all met at Davis's store and the melee began.

Just how it started no one is able to tell, but when the smoke had cleared away it was found that three of the McPherson boys were badly out; two of them seriously, one having his throat cut and the other had his ear entirely severed. Daniel Jennings, father of the Jennings boys, aged about sixty years, was badly cut in the shoulder, and two of the Jennings boys were out, one in the arm and the other in the face. During the fight, which lasted for some time, Mrs. Davis, in front of whose house the fight occurred, acted as surgeon and bound up the wounds of each injured combatant as he fell.

William J. Bryan Calls on President Roosevelt.

Washington, Jan. 21.—William J. Bryan called on President Roosevelt at the White House today. He was cordially greeted by Mr. Roosevelt as well as by a number of Republican senators and representatives who happened to be in the executive offices at the time of his visit.

Mr. Bryan was ushered into the cabinet room, which was filled with people. The President was engaged but, as soon as he learned that the noted Democrat was in the cabinet room went to him and grasped his hand cordially. "Come in here," said the President, who piloted Mr. Bryan into his private room, where, joined by former Senator Jones of Arkansas, they remained five or ten minutes.

At the conclusion of the interview Mr. Bryan said to newspaper reporters that his talk with the president had been cordial and satisfactory, and that they had discussed several matters.

"It was a pleasure to record his attitude on some things," said Mr. Bryan.

"Not on all things, then?" he was asked.

"No, of course not," said Mr. Bryan.

"I believe in speaking well of any policy that is good, regardless of what party is supporting it. I have often been accused of being a Populist because I have given my support to some things advocated by that party. I suppose I will now be accused of being a Republican because I agree with President Roosevelt's views on some things. I think the President unmistakably right in his demands as to railroad legislation, and I told him so. I also think that Mr. Garfield of the bureau of corporations is right in recommending that corporations be required to take out federal licenses. I likewise believe in an income tax and hope to see it brought about."

"How can it be brought about?"

"By a constitutional amendment," Mr. Bryan suggested.

The Beauregard Arch.

Charleston, Jan. 21.—The handsome memorial arch to Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard has been erected on Washington square and only the finishing touches remain to make the monument complete. The arch makes an appropriate and beautiful monument to the gallant defender of Charleston. On the face of the arch appears the following inscription: "P. G. T. Beauregard, general commanding Confederate forces, Charleston, S. C. Held this city and harbor inviolate against combined attacks by land and water, 1863, 1864, 1865. This monument is erected in his honor by a grateful people. A. D. 1915."

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COLUMBIA GUANO COMPANY,
NORFOLK, VA.

FOR SALE BY

DEAN & RATLIFF,
ANDERSON, S. C.

Valuable Property For Sale.

By virtue of the authority conferred by a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Stockholders of the Williamston Female College Company held at Williamston, S. C., on the 31st day of December last, the Directors of said Company hereby offer for sale on Saturday, February 26th, within the legal hours of public sale, in front of the Court House, in the City of Anderson, S. C., all the Real Estate of said Company hereby offered for sale on Saturday, February 26th, within the legal hours of public sale, in front of the Court House, in the City of Anderson, S. C., all the Real Estate of said Company, situated in the town of Williamston, County of Anderson, State of South Carolina, containing five (5) acres, more or less, and bounded on the South by Main street, on the West by Estate of George W. Anderson, deceased, Minor street, intervening, on the North by property of S. Lander & Son, and on the East by lands of S. J. Duckworth and the Estate of Thomas Crymes, deceased. This is one of the finest hotel properties in the State. This property will be more fully described on the day of sale by a plat of the same, to be then exhibited, which will indicate shape, courses and distances.

Terms of Sale—One-half cash, and the balance on a credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum until paid in full. Interest to be computed and paid annually, and if not paid annually, to be added to and become part of the principal, and the whole bear interest at the same rate until the whole is paid in full. The credit portion to be secured by a bond of the purchaser and mortgage of the premises, which instrument shall provide for the payment of 10 per cent. attorney's fees, in addition to principal and interest, in the event that it becomes necessary to institute suit to collect the credit portion of the purchase money.

Purchasers to pay extra for papers, and to have leave to anticipate payment on the credit portion at any time.

GEORGE W. SULLIVAN, Pres.

W. T. LANDER, Sec'y.

Jan 11, 1905

Wanted to Buy.

Good, Flat Land, in good state of cultivation and well improved.

Wanted to Sell.

132 acres, Hall Township—40 acres in bottom lands that will yield 1000 bushels corn. Fair improvement.

148 acres, Savannah Township, known as Evergreen place. Well improved, good orchard.

84 acres, Hopewell Township. Tenant house, barn, &c. 45 acres in cultivation, balance woods and old fields.

162 acres, Rock Mills Township. Price \$1200.

96½ acres, Broadway Township. Well improved. Price \$2500

87½ acres, Varennes Township—improved.

200 acres, Fork Township.

JOS. J. FRETWELL,
ANDERSON, S. C.

BE HUMANE!

Get your faithful Horse

a BLANKET to keep him

warm these cold days.

We have them from 75c.

up.

H. G. JOHNSON & SONS.

What's in a Name?

EVERYTHING!

IF that name stands for square

deals and truly artistic—

PIANOS,

That's what our name stands for.

Call and inspect our handsome

array of—

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—AND—

ORGANS.

THE

C. A. REED

Music House,

ANDERSON, S. C.

Notice Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of S. J. Geer, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Monday, February 26th, 1905, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

JOHN M. GEER, Executor.

Jan 11, 1905.

Notice to Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Trustees.

ALL Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified to make their annual Returns to this office during the months of January and February, as required by law.

H. H. KANOE, Judge of Probate.

Jan 11, 1905.

HEALTH AND VITALITY

DR. MOTT'S NERVOUS PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and insanity. With every order we guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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